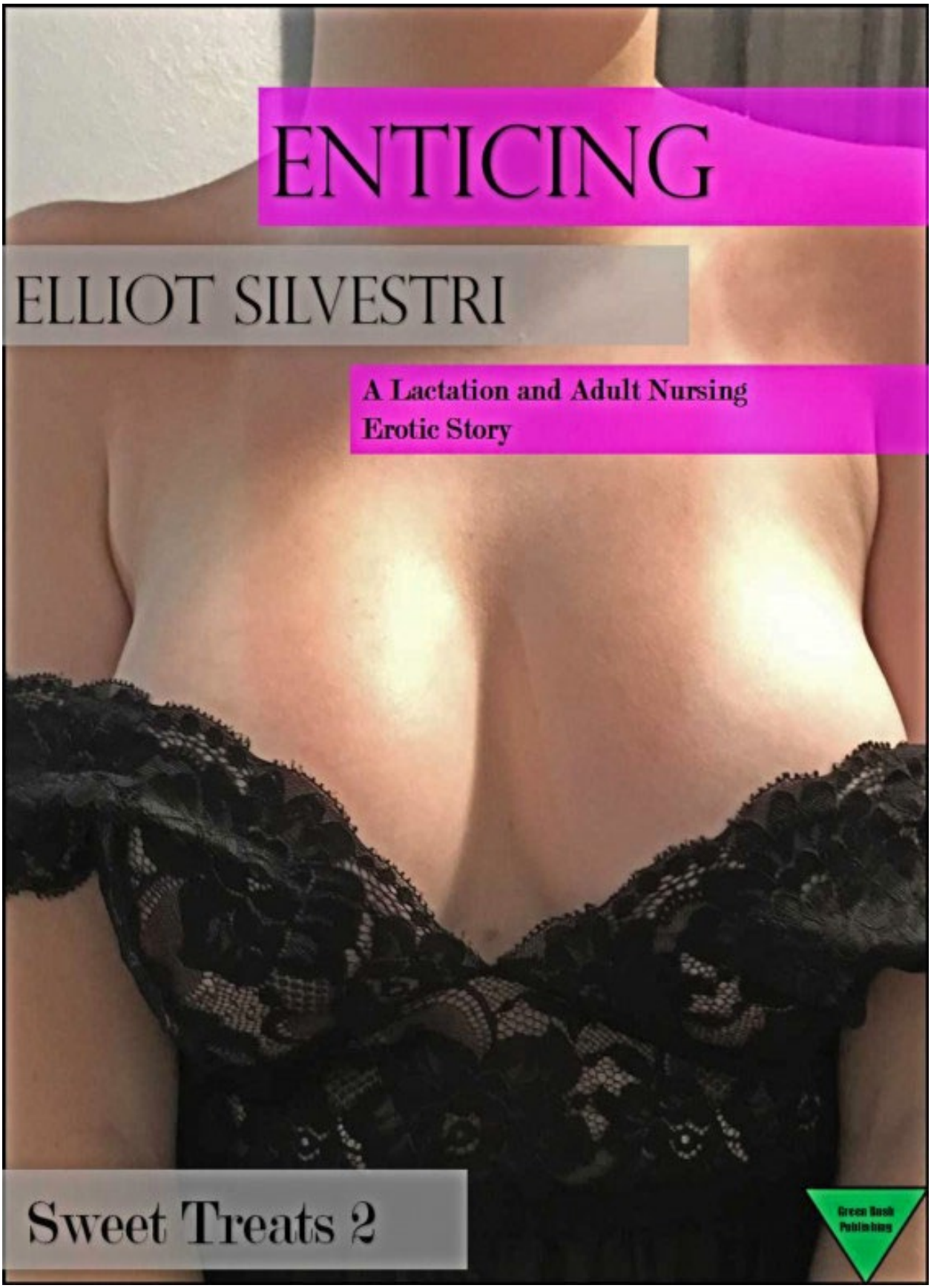
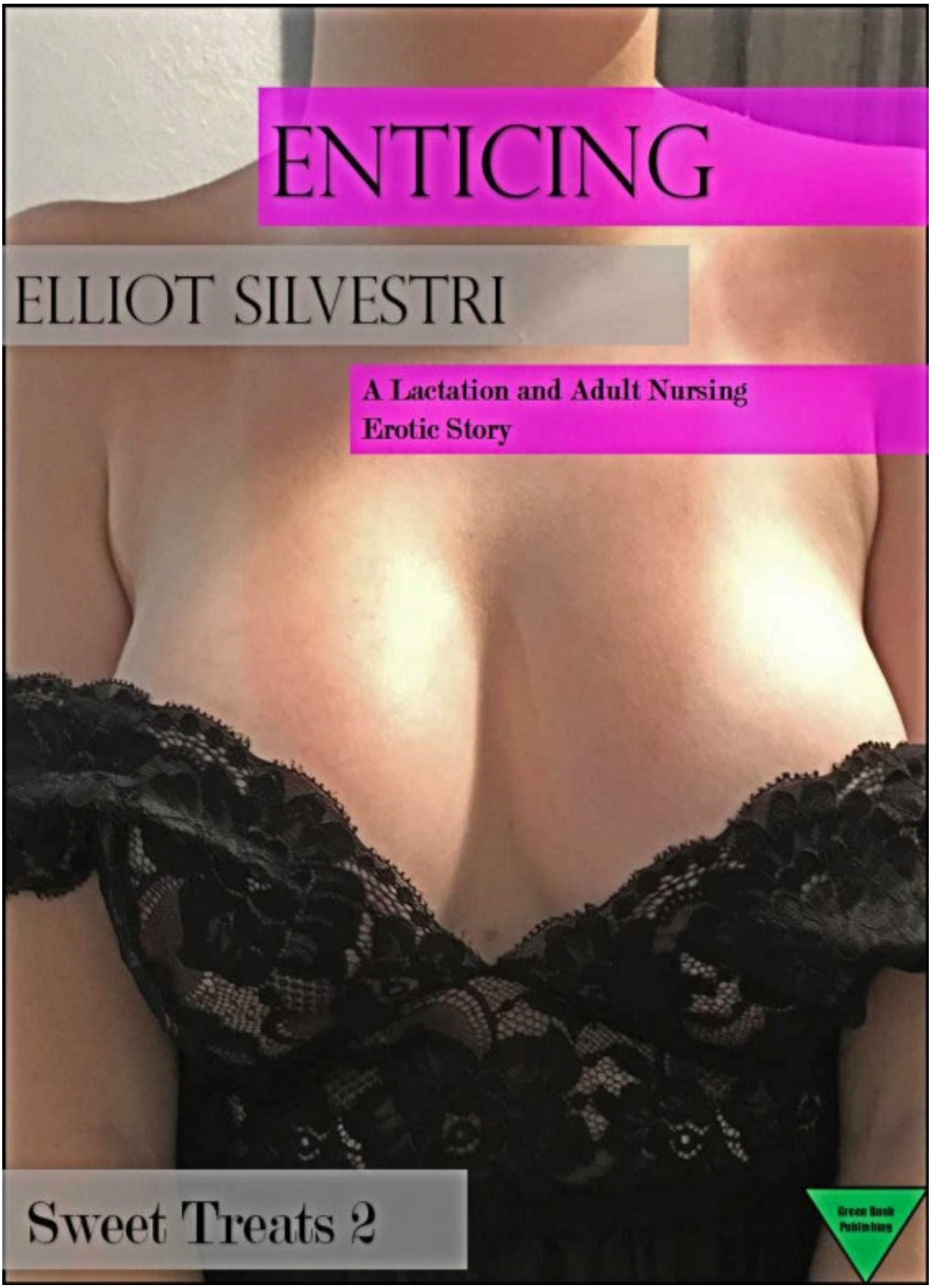

ENTICING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
A Lactation and Adult Nursing
Erotic Story
Sweet Treats 2
Green Bush
Publishing


ENTICING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
A Lactation and Adult Nursing
Erotic Story
Sweet Treats 2
Green Bush
Publishing

Enticing: Sweet Treats 2

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Enticing: Sweet Treats 2

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Vacation

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jacki's Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Part Two

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Preview

About the Author

Part Two

Chapter One

Henry watched from his bed as Aimee dressed. It was an interesting process. Not quite as much fun as a striptease, but it was still fascinating. Her first step after showering was to put on her underwear. No surprise there. Then she went through the tedious process of strapping her bra to her body. Hook. Twist. Turn. Pull on the shoulder straps. Adjust. Readjust. Bend over—that was the extra fun part—straighten up. Adjust a third time. Only then were her tits properly situated inside her bra. Once her undergarments were properly in place it was easy for Aimee to step into her dress and pull it on. She turned around and presented him her back.

“Zip me up?”

“What would you do without me?” he asked her in response as he got off the bed to assist her. He was still naked but felt completely comfortable in front of her in that bare state.

“Use a zipper puller,” she replied.

He couldn’t argue with her. Aimee danced on that thin line between voluptuous and actual fat. She seemed to carry every pound exactly where it needed to be. Yes, maybe her hips and bust were larger than what was considered to be perfection, but on her every curve—to Henry’s eyes at least—were a precision outline of sexiness. As a result of her body shape, the dress clung to her curves in a way that hid nothing to the imagination. Of course, Henry knew exactly what was underneath her dress.

As he settled the zipper into place, he was slightly disappointed that everything was now hidden away from view, but then she turned around and presented him with her cleavage. It was semi hidden under a lace panel, but knowing she was trying to hide it made it sexier.

“It would be incredible if you didn’t wear a bra to work,” he told her as he stared down into her cleavage.

“Incredibly stupid,” she said. “I have no intention of ever doing that. I didn’t grow these babies all through high school and not learn anything.”

“It would still be fucking hot,” he said.

“It’s not going to happen,” Aimee adamantly told him.

The thought of his girlfriend being without her very much needed brassiere started to stir Henry’s cock. She noted his rising. “Nope,” she said, pushing it away. “I’ve already showered and I need to be at work on time today.”

They had taken to switching off days when they slept over at the other’s apartment. Neither location was terribly convenient for the other, but the sex—such as it was—was too good for either of them to pass up.

“But…” he started to say.

“Nope. Jerk off if you want something more today.”

Aimee walked away to finish getting ready. Henry headed for the shower.

By the time he got out, Aimee was gone. However, she had left him a short note and a treat on the small table in his tiny kitchen.

Love you. Have a good day. I didn’t need these.

—A

Her red panties were sitting next to the note.

He couldn’t remember if they were the panties she had put on that morning or not. Her overnight bag was gone and he was left with a stiff cock.

“Shit…” he moaned.

He waited to get to work before he texted her. They had only been dating a little over a month and were still feeling out the edges of their relationship. While they hadn’t been shy about sending dirty text messages to each other, he hadn’t been so bold as to request nudes from her. It seemed a little silly since he could see her naked any night of the week. It seemed even bolder now that she was actually teasing him into it.

It bothered him enough that he eventually had to ask, but he came it at sideways.

Why did you leave you panties on my table?

She replied in an unexpected way, but he should have expected it. Henry had never received nudes texted to him before. He'd seen plenty on the internet, but to get one just meant for him what dizzying.

It wasn't that revealing; her face wasn't in the picture. But then he took a second look and realized what risk she must have taken to snap the picture.

It was taken at her desk, or at a desk. In the background he could just barely see the generic setting of an office: desks, drop ceiling, terrible lighting. She was stilling on a spinning desk chair but with her heel up on the edge of the chair. Aimee was most definitely not wearing panties. Maybe she had taken them off for this one picture, but he had no way of figuring that puzzle out. Her pussy's labia weren't that prominent, but it was definitely her. Henry had become intimate with her nether regions over the past month. Her lips were slightly pouty and swollen. Her pubic hair was still neatly trimmed and shaved.

It was an incredible photo. It made his cock stiffen uncomfortably in his pants and he had to control himself and not groan at his desk.

So they were yours, he texted back to her.

—Unless you're fucking someone else

Why did you do that? Henry knew. He just wanted to get off on the conversation he was trying to engineer.

She didn't give him the answer he expected or wanted. My boobs hurt so I left my panties behind.

That made no sense to the logically motivated Henry. He focused on the first half of the reply. That might be my fault. I was sucking on them pretty hard last night.

—It's the only way I can cum now, you know that.

Strictly speaking, that wasn't the truth, but it was close enough to the truth. Henry had a fascination with her large breasts. He loved sucking on her nipples and she loved that he did it. Theirs was a perfect symbiotic relationship. While

Aimee could have an orgasm without attention showered on her tits, the orgasms were better if they were being played with, so she insisted that he suck or pinch or play with them during sex. If he couldn't because of the position they were using, she would.

He couldn't way for tonight. I'll give you a nice breast massage tonight.

—I can't wait for tonight

I can't leave work right now

—I'll just go to the bathroom and massage them

Will that work?

—It won't make me cum if that's what you're thinking. They're just sore.

As it turned out, they weren't just sore. Shortly after Henry got home, Aimee was at his door. She let herself in and right away he could tell she was on the verge of tears.

"What's the matter?" he asked when she walked in.

Aimee opened her mouth to answer, but instead of words, all she had were some sobs. All he could do was hold her close until she settled down. It took a few minutes and he felt useless until she could speak.

"My boobs are still sore," she managed to get out.

Henry pulled back a little because he realized he was crushing her chest against his.

"Sorry. What can I do?"

"Do you know why they're sore?"

"I was a little too rough with them last night?"

She punched him in the shoulder. Since she wasn't very strong and had never

learned the punch, it was weak and ineffective. Still, Henry was rocked back slightly by the impact. It didn't really hurt. "No! Stupid! They're leaking!"

Her explanation meant nothing to him.

"What's leaking?"

It took all of Aimee's self-control not to slap him across the face. "My tits! What the hell are we talking about?"

Henry's brow furrowed. "What are they leaking?" His first thought was blood and then lymph because they seemed to make the most sense. He was wrong.

"Milk! What do you think they're leaking?"

He wisely kept his mouth shut on that question. He knew when he was about to say the wrong words. "Oh. That makes sense, I guess."

"It makes sense?" she asked him blandly, all but accusing him serious mental deficiencies.

"Well…yeah, doesn't it?"

"Do you know how disturbing it is to massage my boobs in the bathroom and suddenly have milk start leaking out?"

"Honestly? No."

This time she did slap him. "It's really fucking disturbing," she clarified for him.

Henry held his hand over the cheek that she had slapped. "I'm getting that message now. What do we need to do about it?" he asked and quickly followed up with, "I mean, this was partly my fault, right?"

"You're fucking right it is," she told him.

When he pulled his hand away she saw the red imprint of her finger and only then did she realize how hard she had slapped her boyfriend. Her anger abated slightly as she realized the extent of her actions. "It's not entirely your fault. I was busy on the internet and I figured out a couple of things."

“Like what?”

“Like excessive nipple sucking can induce lactation. Some women who adopt babies do that to breast feed.”

“I think I knew that.”

She grimaced at him. “Certain types of birth control pills can cause it as well.”

Henry blinked twice and made the connection. “You’re on birth control?”

She glared at him with exasperation. “Yeah. Of course. Do you think my ass and tits got this fat on their own?”

He ignored her sarcasm. “But you always insist that I use a condom when we have sex.”

“Because I didn’t want any disease that you might have!”

He nodded. “Fair enough.”

“Right now I’m not worried about getting pregnant. Right now I’m worried about my boobs.”

“Well, what did you read online? Is there a treatment for this?”

“Yeah. Stop taking birth control and stop having my boobs sucked on all the time.”

“Oh.” He was crushed by the second half.

“Yeah. Oh. I’m not going off my BC and…” She didn’t finish the second half of her thoughts.

They had dinner together and watched some movie they both ignored on his television. They were both thinking about her breasts and her unexpected lactation. Henry expected her to leave after dinner. She didn’t. She stayed to watch the movie. He expected her to leave after the movie. She didn’t. She asked to spend the night.

“But keep your hands to yourself,” she warned.

Henry agreed. His cock was hard because he wanted to fuck her, but he left on his sleep pants and she wore her oversized nightshirt but kept her underwear on.

It wasn’t the same underwear she had left on his table that morning.

Unexpected Henry was woken up in the middle of the night. The room was still dark with just a little light coming in around the blinds in the window and he knew that his alarm hadn’t gone off yet.

“Wake up!” It was Aimee insisting that he rouse himself.

“Wha—? What?” It took him a moment to figure out what was going on.

Aimee was on top of him, straddling his body. The first thing he realized when he was fully away was that she had removed her top and her large tits were hanging down just below his chin.

They were wonderfully distracting.

“I can’t sleep,” she told him.

“Maybe it’s because you’re on top of me.”

“It’s because I’m horny.”

That Henry could understand. Already his cock was getting hard inside his pants. If she wanted to fuck, they could fuck.

“Okay, do you want to have sex?”

In the darkness she shook her head. “No. I’m horny and my tits hurt.”

“What then…what do you want me to do?”

“I want you to suck on them.”

“But you said not to,” he reminded her.

Reminding her wasn’t necessary. “I know what I said, but they hurt.”

“Won’t sucking make it hurt worse?”

“No!” The vehemence of her reaction surprised him. “No. They hurt because the milk has built up and it needs to be relieved. Massaging them made it go away temporarily. But you need to suck the milk out?”

“I do?”

“You’re the one who caused it in the first place!”

Henry had some doubts about that, but he wasn’t going to argue too much with his girlfriend as she pressed her tits into her face and insisted that he suck on them. To him, this was heaven.

The moment his mouth found one of her nipples, she moaned with relieve. Only then did Henry manage to connect the dots. He had thought that the sweetness he experienced was just his imagination because he loved sucking on them so much. It wasn’t his imagination. He could feel the milk leaking out now. He could taste it. It was sweet.

Aimee moaned. “Good,” she sighed. She ground her hips down on him. Just his sleep pants and her underwear separated his cock from her pussy.

But the joining of their genitals wasn’t his focus right now. He wanted to make her cum with his mouth. His mouth on her tits.

It only took a few seconds for them to settle into their usual routine. Sex between Henry and Aimee was complicated, but they knew what they liked. Aimee liked having her tits sucked. Henry liked cumming on her body. She had ridden him like this before, her tits in his face, a few times with his cock in her, but usually not.

This time it seemed like Aimee was much more focused on her pleasure, concentrating on taking every little ounce of pleasure from Henry’s mouth. For his part, Henry noticed the milk that she was making. It was thin but very sweet. Once he knew it was there, it was easy to taste and enjoy it. He tried to push aside the thought of what he was actually doing and lose himself in the act itself.

It was easy to do.

The more he sucked, the more her body shook and started to quiver.

“Keep…going,” she moaned. “Don’t stop…don’t stop until I cum.” She wasn’t exactly begging and she wasn’t exactly commanding either, but somewhere in between.

She didn’t have to tell him twice. Over the past month he had learned to enjoy her reaction to his attention to her breasts as much as she enjoyed it herself. He loved causing her orgasms and watching them as well.

The only hard thing was to not let his hands wander. She tolerated him putting them on her ass, but he was strictly forbidden from touching her pussy. That was impossible in her current position, but at other times he had forgotten. She liked cumming from just her tits and nothing else. It made Henry wonder if it was a learned response. If so, he was thrilled to be a part of it.

The amount of milk she was making wasn’t that much. After a minute or two, the sweetness of the milk faded and he tasted only her skin and natural musk. That was fine because her nipples in his mouth was exactly what he loved. They were hard and that made her extra responsive.

When she came, it was a thing of beauty.

“Oh fuck, I needed that,” she sighed after she was done. Aimee had collapsed down on his body and was luxuriating against it. For his part, Henry’s cock was trapped in his pants, partially crushed by her weight.

“You’re welcome,” he told her.

“This isn’t good,” she mumbled into his chest.

“Why not?”

“Because if you keep sucking on my tits you’re going to force them to keep making milk.”

This was a bit of information that Henry couldn’t wrap his head around, but if she insisted it was true, and then he wasn’t going to argue. He had always

thought it was more of a hormone thing that only happened during pregnancy, but it sort of made sense at the same time. Birth control pills fooled the body into thinking it was pregnant, so a side effect of lactation would be logical. Add to that the simulated nursing that Henry was providing, and milk would be a big part of Aimee's life in the near future.

"Well then we'll have to stop that."

She lifted up her head from his chest. "I don't want to stop it."

"Then…you're going to keep making milk, I guess."

"I'm okay with that. Are you okay with that?" After orgasm her attitude had changed, but she was still lusty.

"I'm okay with that," Henry readily agreed.

"Want me to jerk you off?" she asked, scrambling down his body and yanking down his pants to expose his hard cock. Her hand was on him before he had a chance to answer.

"Uh…I'd rather fuck you."

Aimee shook her head. "Nope. Not today. My pussy is off limits today. I'll make you cum, but that's it." She lowered her mouth to his cock and started sucking. She tasted the slippery smoothness of his precum.

Henry could have protested, but there was no reason to. He wanted to fuck, but she said no and that was that. He'd have to be happy with that.

And, he was happy with that.

Aimee got his cock good and wet and used her hand on him. She circled her fingers around his balls and squeezed. Not enough to hurt him, but enough to let him know that she was in charge and he was completely in her power.

He liked being under her control and in her power.

She wasn't cruelly rough with him, but was enthusiastic enough with her vigorous sucking and rubbing that it was right on the edge of painful. Her

technique was enough to quickly propel him close to orgasm right away.

As if knowing exactly where he was, Aimee abruptly pulled her mouth away but kept her fingers busy on him. “Do you want to cum in my mouth or my hand?” she asked.

“Pussy,” he begged.

She laughed at him. “Nope. Not gonna happen.” Her fingers stopped moving. His cock was throbbing. The abruptness of the cessation of stimulation snapped Henry’s eyes open and he looked down at his girlfriend.

“What are you doing?” he asked as she pulled her hand away.

“I gave you a choice and you didn’t choose.”

“Please…”

“Are you going to choose?”

They locked eyes and Henry wanted to beg for her pussy one last time. He didn’t but she saw it in his eyes. An evil expression crossed her face. She lashed out with her hand and slapped his cock.

Henry gasped at the sudden spike of pain. No one had ever done that to him before. It was oddly thrilling and not nearly as painful as he imagined it would be, but then again, she had slapped his cock and not his balls. He didn’t want them to be vulnerable to her sudden interest in inflicting pain on him.

“Choose,” she ordered him.

“Mouth,” he said quickly.

Her smiled turned even more evil. “Hand it is then.”

It wasn’t what he wanted but it was also impossible for him to actually complain. Her fingers were soft and nimble on his hardness. Since he was already on the edge he didn’t want to ruin the moment. He clamped his eyes shut and imagined that he was sinking his cock all the way into her sweet, warm, wet pussy.

A second later he was erupting all over her fingers. The cum he ejaculated shot into the air and quickly fell back onto his stomach, making a sticking mess on his skin.

Aimee laughed at him. “That didn’t take much to make you happy.”

Henry wasn’t happy, but he was close enough.

Chapter Two

Their relationship moved on to the next step. It wasn't a position in a relationship that Henry had ever imagined himself in, but here he was. Their sex life completely centered around Aimee's tits and her need for her milk to be removed on a regular basis.

This wasn't entirely terrible. Henry loved her tits. She orgasmed easily enough from having them sucked, so that was fun. And she wasn't entirely selfish; she spent plenty of time jerking Henry off. Or sucking him off. She even allowed him to straddle her and with some lube, she'd let him fuck her tits and cum on her face and neck.

She wouldn't, however, allow him to fuck her pussy.

This became a point of contention in their relationship. Henry wasn't willing to give up sex—such as it was—with her, but it was frustrating at the same time.

"You don't need to fuck my pussy any more. You've got my tits," she told him blithely.

"It's not normal," he grumbled.

"What about life is normal?" she replied.

"You're on fucking birth control," he complained. "It's not like you're going to get pregnant. I'll even use a condom!"

"I like sex this way better."

That answer greatly disappointed Henry. He knew he could leave the relationship at any time, but he wanted to stay with her. She was sexy and naughty and she had the perfect type of body that he lusted after. She was the only one willing to have sex with him in the past year.

He knew they were terrible reasons but he couldn't bring himself to end it.

What they were both realizing as her tits because the entire reason they had a relationship was that she was producing more and more milk. They were spending every night together which was both a blessing and a curse. He would suck out her milk at night and she would give him some pleasure as well. They

were both getting orgasms that were moderately satisfying. But the next morning she had more milk that she wanted out of her tits…and he was too willing to oblige.

It was like she was born to make milk. They both knew her tits were swelling up because of the constant nursing.

He hated it when she used that term. Nursing. It made him sound like a baby. He wasn't a baby. He was a man. A man with a milk fetish. He found that he dreamed at night about her tits and her milk. During the day he daydreamed about her milk and tits. He couldn't escape it.

He didn't want to escape it.

One day he came over to her place to find a variety of Amazon packages on her table. She was in the process of unwrapping them. They were all filled with bras.

"I needed new ones," she explained.

"Because you've grown?" It wasn't a necessary question, but Henry found himself mesmerized by the lingerie. He never would have thought that maternity bras would be sexy, but they undoubtedly were.

"Uh-huh. I wanted to try a bunch. My old bras are squeezing me terribly and these are going to make it easier to get them on and off. Help me?" she asked.

She took off her blouse and bra. Henry's help wasn't necessary, but he wanted to participate. Getting the first bra on her was easy. What he found interesting was the way the cups opened up to give easy access to her nipples.

"Seems a little silly," he said.

"It's for mothers who are actually breastfeeding," Aimee explained.

"So why do you need them? Whenever we have sex, you take off your bra."

"I need the extra support," she informed him.

“Oh.”

“And for this,” she said, flipping open the top to a box that she had opened before he arrived. Henry peered inside. He wasn’t sure what he was seeing other than some plastic tubing and shiny components. He wasn’t stupid. He could read the label and figured it out quickly. “A breast pump? But why?”

“For when you aren’t around,” she told him.

Henry was too afraid to ask if she meant when he couldn’t spend the night with her or when she dumped him.

“Help me get this set up.”

It wasn’t difficult. There was a suction pump, tubing, collection bottles, and soft silicone cones to go on her tits. Aimee opened up the cups to her bra and pressed the collection cones to her nipples. “Turn it on,” she told him, indicating to plug the device in.

Henry did so and watched her as he flicked the switch that operated the pump. It hummed to life and Aimee was disappointed in the suction that it provided.

“There’s an adjustment,” he said thumbing the dial. It had been set to the lowest possible setting. He pushed it all the way up.

Aimee gasped and then groaned. “Oh fuck…”

The way she said it caused Henry to panic. “What’s the matter?” he asked, flicking off the switch.

She slapped his hand. “Don’t! It felt so good!” She reached out and fumbled with the switch. The pump turned back on but the cones slipped off her tits. After some more fumbling she got everything back into place and her expression changed to pure bliss.

“Yes…this is what I wanted.”

Henry watched in amazement as his girlfriend’s eyes glazed over and then her lids closed almost all the way. She was in heaven and he was forced to watch.

It was torture, but a torture he quickly grew to love.

Aimee just stood there a minute, completely unfocused, as her tits were milked by the pump. It became too much for her and she started to slump to the side. Henry was right there to help her. He eased her down into a kitchen chair and she smiled beatifically at him. It appeared to him that perhaps she wasn't in her right mind, but then he decided she was just overcome with too many inputs of sexual stimulation.

Leaning back in the chair, Aimee let out a little moan as she clutched the cones to her breasts and let the pump do its work. The process was fascinating to watch. The hum of the motor powered the on/off suction that pulled on Aimee's nipples. It was strong enough that he could see her nipples pulled deeply into the translucent cones. It seemed like they were stretched out to an impossible length, a distance so far that Aimee should have been in pain, but she seemed to enjoy it.

Henry hadn't been watching closely enough at first, but as her nipples were stretched forward, they each let out several streams of thin, white milk. This confused him at first because he thought there was only one hole within each nipple to let out the milk. He was wrong. As the milk was pulled out, it was then sucked down into the collection bottle that was attached to the cones. It was an efficient setup.

Seeing the milk collected made his mouth water. He hadn't realized how much he loved the taste of Aimee's milk. He was jealous of the machine and wanted to rip it off her body, but he could see that Aimee was loving what it was doing to her. It was hard to admit, but he wanted to see her cum from the little machine.

It was his wish and hers and it didn't take very long. Over the past weeks they had both trained Aimee's body to respond to stimulation to her tits, trained it to where it was almost easier for her to cum from nipple stimulation rather than clitoral stimulation. The breast pump was a new wrinkle to this sexual slippery slope they had created and the orgasm that it gave her was incredible to watch.

"I needed that," she told him when she was back in control of herself.

"You're welcome."

She chuckled at him. "What did you do for me?"

“I watched.”

“That doesn’t help much.”

Henry found himself looking at the bottles that were partially full of milk. There wasn’t a lot in the bottles. A few ounces at most, but he wondered what she was going to do with it. “What are you going to do with your milk?”

She shrugged. “I dunno. Dump it?”

“No! Don’t!” He said it with more vehemence than he intended. It brought her up short.

“Do you want it?”

There was a hesitation that Henry couldn’t explain. He loved the taste of her milk, but to drink it from a bottle seemed a little infantilizing. It was fine in his mind to drink it directly from her breasts, but it was a different thing altogether to drink from a bottle. “Yes,” he said carefully.

With a shrug and a smile, Aimee unscrewed the bottles from the rig and handed them over to him. “What are you going to do with it? Drink it?”

“Yes,” he answered honestly. Even if there weren’t artificial nipples attached to the bottles, he refused to drink it that way. Since they were in the kitchen, it was easy enough to grab a glass and dump the contents of the bottles into a much more mature and respectable glass tumbler. She eyed him cautiously as he tipped up the glass and sipped from it.

Outside her body the milk was cooler, but no less sweet. It tended to cling to the tongue and seemed very rich. That made sense because it was supposed to be all the nutrition that a baby would need. It made him wonder if adults could survive on breast milk alone. He didn’t drink all of it at once. That would be too greedy. He offered her the glass.

“I don’t think so,” she said.

“Why not? It’s delicious and you made it. And I’ve seen you suck your own nipples.”

“That was different. That was all about…sex. This isn’t about sex.”

He sipped her milk again and decided it was definitely better warm and fresh from the breast, but he wasn’t going to tell her that. “I think you’re wrong. Drinking your milk is all about sex. Once you’ve blown a guy, the blowjob—the sex—is over. If you swallow the cum instead of spitting it out, that’s sexual too, especially if you know the guy gets off on watching or knowing that you swallowed his load.”

“That logically makes no sense.”

“Your milk is still delicious,” he told her and took another small sip. Not much was left but he extended his hand to her, offering the glass and the last few drops.

“No thanks,” she demurred. “How about a blowjob instead?”

Aimee had detached the pump and set it aside. Her nipples were still out. She didn’t wait for an answer from Henry. She just got down on her knees and pulled open his pants, getting his cock out for her pleasure. As she expected, he was already hard and was seeping precum. Licking the head she decided that the flavor of his precum was very pleasant and probably better than her milk. At least, that’s what she fixed in her mind.

Henry didn’t give it much thought. His cock disappeared into her mouth and he gave himself over to her oral attention.

Over the weeks he had gotten used to how Aimee sucked him off. If he had been asked, he would have said that her method of fellatio was his favorite. Since she had given him more blowjobs than any other woman, it was an easy choice to make.

“I want you to cum for me,” she told him, taking a quick break from sucking him.

“I always cum for you,” he replied as she ran her tongue along the underside of his cock.

“I want you to cum all over my tits,” she said before putting him back into her mouth.

That would be easy for Henry. She had trained him well. He responded to her blowjobs as quickly and as easily as she responded to his nursing. It didn't take much effort on her part to make him cum. She knew when he was about to cum and took him out of her mouth at just the right moment at pumped his cock twice.

He tried to resist, but it was impossible. With the second pump the inevitable happened and he released his load on her chest. Mostly it was between her tits and there wasn't as much of it has he would have hoped, but it was still enough to make her happy.

"What's wrong with us?" he asked her.

"Nothing," she replied.

Henry wasn't so sure about that.

The next day Aimee presented him with a new problem. It wasn't so much a problem as a situation he had never considered in his life. Since she was offering him something that he had all but been begging for lately, it was easy for him to go along with it.

They were at her apartment and she had opened the door for him wearing only one of her new nursing bras. Even though she was mostly naked, he found it next to impossible to pull his eyes from her cleavage. It was impressive, as always, even if the bra wasn't designed to show off her tits.

"Come on in, I've got something I want to show you." She left the door open and walked away. Henry wasn't sure if she was brave for opening the door mostly naked, exposing herself to the—empty—hallway or if she was drunk. When she walked away his eyes automatically went to her curvy ass. He could still appreciate that.

"What do you want to show me?"

"It's in the bedroom."

That was a good sign. The bedroom meant sex, or at least it did this early in the

evening. They hadn't eaten yet. Henry had spent most of the afternoon daydreaming about her tits and her milk. It had affected his work but he didn't care because now he was going to be given the opportunity to nurse from her and drink Aimee's delicious milk.

He hated to think using the term nursing. Nursing was what babies did (or maybe what nurses did in hospitals or doctor's offices). Still, he couldn't escape it. Maybe because it was so transgressive.

Just thinking about it got his cock hard. He was ready to strip off his clothes but he would have been just as happy to leave them on and nurse from her tits for a few minutes first.

Walking into the bedroom he was disappointed almost to the point where he started to go soft. The new breast pump was on the bed. It was plugged in and ready to go. Henry wasn't that interested in watching his girlfriend masturbate using a breast pump. It was fun and kinky the first time, but this wasn't where he wanted their relationship or their sex lives to go. He was almost ready to walk out and be done with her.

"The breast pump again?" he asked.

"Don't worry," she assured him, "I haven't used it yet." She crawled onto the bed with her ass in the air and positioned her boobs over the cones. "Can you help me?"

"Help you masturbate?" he asked with a little too much sarcasm. "Isn't that something you do on you own?"

She looked over her should at him. "No, silly. I want you to help me get the pump going on my tits…and then I want you to fuck me while the pump works. Can you do that?"

It was something else. What would be perfect to Henry would be fucking her while he sucked on her tits, but that wasn't going to happen, not tonight.

"Sure. Let me undress. Are the condoms in the drawer?"

"You don't need one."

He paused, his shirt half off. “Why not?”

Her smile was that combination of evil and lust. “Because I want you to fuck me raw. I’m not going to get pregnant, right?”

“Right,” he agreed. She was on birth control and she was lactating. What were the actual chances of pregnancy?

It took only seconds to get naked. Henry’s cock had revived from its moment of disappointment. Kneeling down next to the bed to get the cones in position under her tits was easy and a pleasure to do. The hum of the pump was pleasant. Watching her nipples get pulled aggressively forward caused a little throbbing pulse in his cock. The first few squirts of her milk filling up the collection bottles was spine-tingling.

The moan she let out told him what he needed to be focusing on. By the time he got behind her, kneeling in position with his cock in hand, Aimee was already gone off to some other world of lust and stimulation. He wasn’t sure if she even felt his cock slipping between her wet labia. Had she moistened from her tit sucking or had she lubed up before he got there?

It didn’t matter.

He grabbed onto her hips and started thrusting away. Her moans didn’t seem to fall in line with his thrusts but that was okay. He was going to fuck her for his pleasure and make her cum and it would be glorious.

As much as he had been looking forward to fucking Aimee without restriction, there was a definite disconnect between him and her, even as their bodies were joined. While he was invested in her pussy, she was more interested in the pump that was attached to her tits. She had no real reaction to each thrust that Henry put into her. They were two people sharing the same space and enjoying sex together, but it wasn’t really together.

It made Henry a little angry. It seemed like Aimee didn’t notice at all.

He dug his fingers into her fleshy hips and started fucking her harder. He’d heard of hate sex before and while he wasn’t sure if this was it, it was awfully close.

The sound of flesh slapping on flesh was music to his ears. It turned out that

fucking her as hard as he could forced some pleasure onto her.

He loved it when her pussy clamped down on his cock and quivered all over it. She loudly announced her orgasm and that had his cock throb that much harder. Without wanting it, he took great satisfaction in knowing that her orgasm was partly his doing. He loved the way her body shook with the pleasure and how she didn't have control of herself.

Henry had great satisfaction in knowing that he was in complete control of himself. He knew he could have finished in her, but that wasn't going to happen. Not today. Not now. When he was right on the edge he abruptly pulled out, pumped himself once with his hand and shot his load all over her ass.

She was coming down from her orgasmic high and barely noticed he had unloaded on her at first. It was only after she realized he had pulled out that there was a wet, sticky sensation rolling down her ass and onto her thighs. One particularly uncomfortable stream was going forward, curling around her side and onto her belly.

"Why…why didn't you cum in me?" she asked.

"You don't want me to cum in you." It seemed evident to him that's what she wanted. He knew he was being petty, but their relationship had taken a turn he didn't like.

"I was letting you do it this time," she said in frustration as she turned off the pump and freed her tits.

"I wasn't certain if you actually wanted me to or if you were just…I don't know." Henry felt bad now. He was reasonably certain that she wanted him to cum in her, or at least she was willing to let him do that. It was hard to figure out. Henry was bad at relationships.

"Well I thought that you were going to."

"Did you want me to?"

"Sort of."

It wasn't the answer he was looking for.

“Let me go get a towel.”

After he cleaned up her ass and thighs, he tossed the towel aside and looked at the bottles still attached to the pump. They were almost half full. He couldn’t stop eyeing them.

Aimee noticed him looking at the bottles right away. “Do you want to drink it again?” she asked him.

“Yes, but I’d rather have it straight from your tits.”

Self-consciously she put her hand over her breasts, hiding the distended nipples. “They’re empty.”

“I know. There’s no way you could have the pump going that long and not have them empty completely.” Henry wasn’t a fool. He knew how things worked.

She unscrewed the bottles from the pump tubing. She poured one into the other, but a bit remained in one bottle. Henry accepted the full bottle from her and sipped from it. Despite it not being supplied in the way that he liked, it was still delicious and warm.

Aimee watched as he drank it. “Try some,” he encouraged her.

“My own milk?” she questioned. “I don’t think so.”

“Why not?” he asked taking another sip.

“Because…” Aimee didn’t have a solid reason.

“You swallow who knows how much of your own saliva every day. And what about when we kiss? What about my saliva?”

“You’re not making a good argument.”

“I want to see you drink some,” he said flatly.

Aimee felt stuck. She held the bottle in her hand and couldn’t force him to take it and dumping it out would be rude in his face.

There was a certain curiosity about it, but why would she want to drink her own

breast milk?

“Go ahead,” he said as he took another sip from his bottle. It was half gone and still held more than her bottle. “It’s good. It’s better warm. It’s better straight from the source.” He drank again and wondered what it would be like if he mixed some alcohol with it. Vodka or gin seemed the obvious choice.

He eyed her, almost demanding that she drink. Aimee felt put on the spot, which she was, and had no easy way to wiggle out of it. Closing her eyes, she lifted it to her lips and sipped delicately at the thin liquid.

To her surprise it was very sweet, much sweeter than she expected. It was also thin and somehow cloying to the tongue. Overall it wasn’t terrible. Maybe she wouldn’t have chosen it on her own, but there was a way to see the attraction to it.

She sipped again.

“Good, huh?” Henry asked.

As much as she wanted to say no and reject his enthusiasm, she couldn’t. She had made the milk and, to be perfectly honest, it wasn’t bad. The flavor was strong but not overpowering, and it had a growing influence on her. It only made sense. It was supposed to be the perfect food for babies…and presumably adults as well.

“It’s…fine. It’s fine.”

That was a lie. For Aimee, it was better than fine. The more she sampled her milk, the better it tasted. She jealously looked at the milk that Henry still had in his bottle and wondered if there was a way for her to get some of it.

He sensed what she was thinking and decided to push back. He lifted the bottle to his lips once again and this time he didn’t just sip. He swallowed. He swallowed all of the contents, savoring it as it coated his tongue and flowed down his throat. “It’s delicious,” he told her. “You make delicious milk.”

The desire in her eye wasn’t for sex but for her milk. She finished what was in her bottle and smacked her lips. “I certainly do. And I know where I can get more.”

Aimee lifted one of her heavy breasts up to her lips and started sucking on the nipple. Right away she knew it was a waste of time. She could tell because of the weight. There wasn't any milk left in them.

"Shit!" she said, disgusted at her body's lack of ability to make the milk she desperately wanted. It was just a matter of time, but she wanted it now.

"What's the matter?"

"No milk," she said sourly.

"Let me check," he said, lowering her mouth down to her free breast and sucking. She tried to push him away, but as nice as a pump felt on her tits for a bit of relief and fun, especially while being fucked, it didn't compare with a human mouth.

"Fuck…" she moaned. "I don't want you to keep doing that."

Henry paused just long enough to say, "Are you sure?" He went right back to sucking on her nipple again.

Aimee didn't push him away. If anything, she wanted more.

"You keep doing that and you're going to make me cum."

"That's the idea…" he said quickly, switching from one side to the other.

They both fell silent as he sucked on her. The room was only filled with the sound of her heavy breathing and the occasional slurps as Henry's lips lost contact with her breast.

It didn't take terribly long before Aimee climaxed. Her knees trembled and she felt i9t only in her tits. The orgasm didn't affect her pussy and clit at all.

She liked it better that way.

Chapter Three

Henry woke up the next morning with Aimee's warm body next to his. More importantly, he woke up with her hand on his cock.

"Are you awake?" she asked him.

"I am now."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"I want you to go down on me," she said softly as her hand started to work on his cock.

He kissed the side of her neck and started moving down. "Is that what you really want"? They were both naked from the night before. It was the best way to sleep and the best way to start the day.

"Yes."

He rolled his shoulders. "Okay, I can do that."

When Henry reached her breasts, he found a nipple and sucked it a little, but not so much as to get the milk flowing. He pinched the other one which gave her a chill down her spine.

What was disappointing was when he left off her nipple and started moving down her ribcage.

"What are you doing?" she demanded when he hadn't progressed very far.

"Going down on you," he said. "Just like you asked."

"I meant suck my tits."

He supposed that going down on her would encompass her tits as well as her pussy, but that had never occurred to him before. "Okay. I can do that. Why didn't you just say that?"

"What? Suck on my tits?"

“Yeah.”

“Suck on my tits,” she told him. “Nurse from me.”

The term still unsettled Henry, but he did what she asked because it was easy and he loved doing it. His lips surrounded her right nipple. It was hard at first and then quickly warmed and softened. After only a modest application of suction he felt her relax and fill his mouth with her milk. Overnight had worked its magic and filled her breasts once again.

Henry settled in to drink and nurse from her. It was the primary pleasure in his life now, partly because of the spell that her tits had cast over him, but also because it was fun to rub his cock against her leg. It wasn’t exactly dry humping, but it was close. And she didn’t protest so he figured it was perfect fine to do.

After a minute his hand moved up to cup her free breast but he found that her hand was already there, holding it. Flicking his eyes open he saw that she was pinching the nipple. Her lips were slack and her eyes were closed. She didn’t yield her breast to his probing fingers.

What he did see, more than anything else, was her milk starting to leak between her fingers.

“You’re leaking,” he unnecessarily pointed out to her. More than anything he didn’t want her to waste the precious milk. She only made a few ounces every day and he wanted to savor all of it.

“I know,” she said softly. “It feels good.”

“You’re wasting it.” He started to move over to her left breast. Through experience he knew that he could switch back and forth and not lose a precious drop.

He was surprised when she pushed his face away. “No. It’s not for you.”

Henry was miffed. “Who are you saving it for? Do you have another boyfriend?”

His question hit her stronger than she thought it would. “No. Of course not. I’m saving it for me.”

With those words she lifted up her breast to her mouth and started sucking. Henry was equally parts jealous and in awe. Even though he had seen her do it the night before, that was without any real results. This time he knew that her breasts were full and the milk was flowing.

His cock started throbbing harder. He wanted to fuck her right then and there, but then he'd lose all the milk to her. He couldn't risk that.

Falling back to her right breast he suckled her again. The milk squirted into his mouth. It was warm and sweet.

They were both feasting upon her body.

Aimee quickly learned that Henry was right when he said that the milk was better straight from the source and fresh. It was warm and sweet. It was better than sipping from a bottle. The best part was that she was getting stimulated on both breasts at the same time. Her lust was rising quicker than it ever had before and she knew her climax would arrive in no time and it would be powerful.

Her body shivered in anticipation.

Having two mouths on her body, one of them being her own, was more than enough to wrap her head around; she was self-pleasuring and being pleasured at the same time. She only had partial control of her body. All of that made it better. The best part was that nothing at all was near her pussy. This was going to be as pure an orgasm as she could possible wish for.

Getting her to that orgasm was easier than Henry expected. Her breathing suddenly quickened and when she came, it was explosive. Aimee shouted out her pleasure as if announcing to the world that she had cum. She arched her back and lifted her body up off the bed. Somehow Henry managed to keep his mouth attached to her breast; hers slipped from between her lips when she cried out.

She never stopped producing milk. It shot from her body without a need for any suction. The free breast expelled the milk like a fountain, running over her flesh and down her body. When her hand found her nipple, the milk refused to stop, flowing over her fingers.

Henry found that he didn't have to suck any longer, just swallow, which he did enthusiastically but also to keep from choking on the steadily flowing ambrosia.

It was like he had found the secret switch to get her to lactate and there was no off option for it. He didn't care. The milk was warm and sweet and he couldn't help but drink as much of it as it flowed out of her full breasts.

As he nursed and she pinched her nipple, it was like one orgasm blended into the next. Aimee had never experienced multiple orgasms before. She had always though it was just women exaggerating what their bodies could do. She could cum multiple times a night, but this time was different. One climax seemed to blend into the next. She never full came down from one orgasm before the next was building.

Henry loved it. He grasped her body and kept a firm lock on her breast, feeding on her milk, as she peaked a second time. Only then did Aimee fully understand what it mean to have her body not be under her own control. There was no way for her to stop the second orgasm even if she had wanted to.

She didn't want to.

If he was aware she had a second orgasm, Henry didn't let on. His cock was hard against her leg and he loved the way it quivered on his manhood, but since it was obvious she was having such a good time, he didn't stop nursing just to climb on top of her body and start fucking her. She didn't want that. He just kept sucking.

The second orgasm abated and then blended into the third which led to the fourth. By now Henry was aware that she was in a feedback loop of one orgasm forcing the next. He wanted to see how far he could push her and kept sucking on her nipple. The milk hadn't dried up yet and he was determined to get the full experience.

Right after her fifth orgasm, Aimee started to come to her senses. She knew she couldn't keep doing this and she focused herself. She pulled her hand away from her breast and used it to push Henry away from where he was sucking.

He let go reluctantly. He didn't want to stop. He wanted to completely exhaust her. Still, he wasn't going to push it forever. He struggled into a sitting position. "Are you done?" he asked.

His cock was jutting up from his lap, faintly throbbing with each heartbeat.

"Yes…" she moaned. "For now." A layer of sweat covered her body and she

could barely move her limbs, but the sight of his cock throbbing and drooling just a bit of precum was enough to rouse her to action.

Her hand went out and wrapped around his shaft. “Want me to jerk you off?”

“I’d rather you suck me off.”

She shook her head slowly. “Too tired.”

Henry expected her to stop jerking his cock, but her hand remained busy on his shaft. It wasn’t the best hand job he had ever received—in fact it was probably one of the worst—but he didn’t stop her. Aimee looked happy and content as she serviced him.

It didn’t take all that much effort to bring him about. The point of inevitability was quickly reached. His ropes of ejaculate fell across her body, landing on her neck and face. Aimee wasn’t the least bit disturbed by being painted in such a way; in fact, she seemed pleased.

“Did that make you happy?”

“Did sucking on your tits make you happy?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Then you have your answer.”

He had been focused on her hand as she had jerked him off, but once the moment of please was gone, his eyes fell to her tits again.

They were two wonderful mounds of flesh. Even on her back they rose up proudly and almost pertly, topped by her slightly oval areola and prominent nipples. They were beautiful.

They were also slowly leaking milk.

Henry started for a moment to make sure it wasn’t just some liquid that hadn’t dried yet. He was certain. Her tits, which should have been drained or at least have been mostly empty at this point, seemed to have a never-e—nding supply of milk.

“You’re leaking,” he pointed out to her.

Aimee’s eyes flickered open and she ran her hands across her breasts, ascertaining that he was correct. “Must be because I’m turned on,” she said, dismissing his concern.

“Has that been happening?”

She rolled her shoulders. “A little. I can feel my milk when I’m turned on. I mean, really turned on. It wants to get out and with just a little effort, it comes out.”

“What do you mean, ‘Just a little effort’?”

She smiled up at him and closed her eyes while pinching her nipples. It felt good. “I can make my milk come out just by thinking about it.”

Henry had his doubts about that. “Are you drunk or high?”

“Neither,” she giggled. “I can do it. At least, I just need to think sexy thoughts and my milk wants to get out. It’s not so crazy, you know.”

“Why is that?” he asked skeptically.

“Some mothers, when they’re nursing, just the sight of their baby or their baby’s cries will cause them to let down their milk. It just comes out.”

“And how does that relate to you?” he asked.

She giggled again. It wasn’t sexy; it was a bit odd, in fact. “Whenever I have sexy thoughts my milk lets down too. I think I’m the next step in human evolution. A woman who uses her tits entirely for sexual pleasure.”

It occurred to Henry that, as far as he knew, Aimee had never had a baby. It seemed the sort of thing she would have mentioned already and her body had no signs of ever being pregnant. She wasn’t too young for it, but it seemed a bit out of place for her.

He was disappointed that her little revelation. It was nice that lusty thoughts made her lactate, but he would have been more thrilled if she had lactated to

thoughts of him.

It occurred to him then that maybe they didn't have an intimate, loving relationship. He thought of her as his girlfriend, but was she really? They didn't seem to share the same interest in anything other than her tits. She loved them. He loved them. They both loved the way her milk had focused them in their sex life, but did they have a relationship outside their sex life.

The thought chilled him. Was he just using his girlfriend for the sort of kinky breast-centered sex that made no sense?

Were they using each other?

Did he love her?

Did she love him?

How could he ask her those questions without forcing her to think that she didn't need him? She could take her breasts and just leave. Any man would be sufficient to do what he did for her. Hell, her pump was almost enough to replace him. She didn't seem to want sex as most people would define it—penis in vagina and variations thereof—she just wanted her tits sucked. That was all well and good, but where would that lead?

"Do you like that?" he asked her. "Do you like having your tits be the center of our sex?"

"I love it," she cooed at him. "Don't you?"

Henry didn't have a ready answer for her. He didn't have an answer at all. To cover up his lack of words, he leaned forward and took her left breast in his mouth and nursed.

The milk welled up and filled his mouth. She moaned in appreciation and curled her hand behind his head, encouraging him to keep going.

He did. He knew it was what she wanted. He couldn't help himself. It seemed like her supply was endless. The milk kept coming and coming.

Once again the inevitable happened and Aimee's breathing quickened. She had

another orgasm without any real effort.

Henry pulled back. It was out of concern for her. She looked completely sated and pushed beyond exhaustion. He feared for her safety.

“Why did you stop?”

“Because you can’t take any more.” He crawled off the bed with the intent on showering and leaving.

“You can’t do this to me!” She was angry. Livid. This surprised Henry. She should have been happy and floating on near-ecstasy. Instead, he had roused an unknown anger in her. He was scared.

“I have to,” he said, backing away. “We can’t keep going like this.”

It was too much. It was the most intense relationship he had ever been in and he wanted out.

Henry reversed course and grabbed his clothes. He didn’t even both to get dressed. He just headed for the door as Aimee burst into tears on the bed.

Luck was with him. He managed to get his underwear and pants on before anyone walked out into the building’s hallway. Henry just smiled at them, jammed his feet into his shoes, and fled.

To Be Continued

Preview

Steel Restraint 3

The healing process had gone well. It was a week after getting his cock pierced that Basil was feeling up to facing his ex-wife and hearing her request for whatever it was about her newly announced wedding to her girlfriend-now fiancée Liz. When Marci asked if he could have Dorothy there when she stopped by to make her request in person, he was wary of what was to come.

“Why does Dorothy have to be here?”

“Doesn’t she still have you under lock and key?” Marci asked.

He tried not to let her knowledge—and participation in—his chastity kink bother him. It was going to be that way the rest of his life and he’d have to deal with it. “Yes. So she doesn’t have to worry about me fucking other women. What does that have to do with anything?”

The silent sound of her smile came through the phone. “Just checking. I’m starting to think all men should wear a cock cage.”

Basil hung up before the conversation could go sideways into how previously straight married women could easily become man-hating lesbians. It would be another few weeks before he was fully healed and Dorothy was eager to get him into his new cage. He had been free of any steel restraints since he had been pierced. It was the longest amount of freedom he had had since the beginning of his relationship with Dorothy. It was both a happy escape and an annoying one.

He liked having his cock safety encased.

When the time came for Marci to drop by, he was glad that Dorothy was already there. He was wary of his ex. They had divorced mostly amicably, but he had never gotten along well with Liz. He chalked it up to personality clash.

“What is she going to ask you?” Dorothy inquired, ever curious.

“If I knew that…” he began and stiffly walked around the living room. In some

ways having his cock pierced was worse than wearing a cage because occasionally it would burn and pinch in unexpected ways. However he had gotten used to seeing a piece of metal through his flesh and had come around to the idea that it was definitely a masculine look and understood why Dorothy would occasionally ask him to get it out so she could admire it. “I’m worried she’s going to ask me to give her away or participate in her wedding. Lesbian wedding.”

“Don’t say it that way.”

“What way?”

“Like it’s an insult.”

“Sorry. But I don’t want to participate in her wedding. I don’t even want to go to it. I’m hoping she’s going to tell me in person I’m not invited.”

“Maybe she just wants to return her wedding ring to you.”

“She already did that.”

“Oh.”

The doorbell rang and Basil rigidly went to the door and let in Marci. She introduced herself to Dorothy and it was at that moment that Basil realized that while the two women knew about each other, they had never met in person before. Marci seemed happy and Dorothy was gracious. He didn’t like the fact that the two women who were most active in his kink were getting along so well.

“Okay, the suspense is killing me,” Basil said, acting like he’d rather be anywhere else other than in their presence. “What do you need to ask me.”

“Direct and to the point,” said Marci.

“I just want to get this over,” he said. “What do you want?”

“Such a wonderful attitude. I can’t remember why I didn’t stay married to you.” Her snark was coming out.

“Because you’re a lesbian now,” he reminded her.

“Oh right. Except you’re wrong. I’m bisexual.”

At this point Dorothy interrupted. “I can see why you two divorced, but why don’t you let Marci ask what she came here to ask?”

Basil glared briefly at his girlfriend, but said nothing and just nodded to Dorothy. Marci chewed on her thumbnail, suddenly unwilling to say anything.

“What is it that you wanted to ask, Marci?” Dorothy said sweetly, but not overly so to make it too obvious.

“I was going to ask, and now I’m starting to regret it, if Basil could help me out with something before I get married. To Liz.” She added the name of her fiancée as an afterthought.

“And what is that favor?” Dorothy prompted.

“I was going to ask him to fuck me one last time because after I get married I’m not going to get any dick for the rest of my life.” Marci recited this while looking at the wall, unable to face either Dorothy or Basil. “Sorry. I had to ask. I’ll go now.”

“Well you aren’t going to get my dick any time soon,” Basil snapped at her. “You can thank Dorothy for that!”

“Yeah. I get it. Your new girlfriend likes to keep you in chastity and I didn’t. I don’t care.”

“Ha! Wrong. I’d love to fuck you right here and now—”

“Bas!” Dorothy blurted out but he kept right on talking.

“—but she got me pierced and I’m not risking it just so you can cheat on your fiancée. That’s what you’re good at, aren’t you, Marci. Cheating?”

“I don’t fucking believe you,” Marci muttered.

Dorothy wasn’t sure what exactly Marci didn’t believe, but before she could say anything Basil pulled down his pants and underwear to display his cock.

The healing was coming along nicely. There was no undue redness and the CBR that Basil wore looked good on the end of his cock, or at least that's what Dorothy believed. He wasn't overly small or large in the manhood department, but it had been a while since Dorothy had seen her boyfriend unencumbered by a full cock cage and she stood back a moment admiring him.

It only took a glance for Marci to start to doubt her decision to marry Liz. It had been far too long since she had fucked a man and she realized that without a doubt she was bisexual. Yes, she loved Liz but she was now fully torn between her desire to marry the woman she loved and stay nominally single so she could fuck men. Her goal had been to fuck Basil one last time—because he was safe and easy—but now she was having deeper doubts.

"Wow," she said without irony. "That's really hot."

"It's going to be another month before it's safe for me to fuck anyone. And it'll be Thena before it's you," he said, just to spite his ex-wife.

"I don't know about that," said Dorothy. "I wouldn't mind seeing you in action again," she said with a dreamy smile. "And maybe my goal is to keep you away from my pussy."

Basil couldn't comprehend what he was hearing even though the words made sense to him. "You don't want me to fuck you?" he said to his girlfriend.

"Of course I want you to fuck me," she said, resting her fingers lightly on his forearm. Basil looked down at her hand and compared it to his own. Her hand was open and soft; his was balled up into a fist. He didn't understand his anger. "But I want you to fuck me when I want to be fucked by you…because that's what you want. That is what you want, isn't it, Bas?"

He nodded. "Yes. It's just hard…" Realizing what he was saying, he pulled up his pants, hiding his cock away from both women, and disappointing both as well.

"Not right now it isn't," Marci said snarkily.

Dorothy ignored her comment and pushed the conversation forward. "This might not be as big a problem as it might seem," she said. "When are you getting married, Marci?"

“In a couple of months.”

“See? Perfect. Basil will be ready to go by then.”

“Does Lez know?” Basil asked, unable to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

“Bas,” Dorothy said, warning him.

Marci let it go because she wasn’t making her request under the best of circumstances. “Not exactly.”

Basil laughed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Marci lifted her chin, which was almost a lame gesture of bravado because she was so much shorter than Basil. It was really like she was lifting her eyes just enough to look at him. “It means she knows I’m bi and she’s okay with that, even if she’s a lesbian.”

“I predict a short marriage,” said Basil.

“No!” Marci said emphatically. “She and I already talked this out. We’ve made a commitment and we’ve agreed to be one hundred percent faithful for the first whole year of our marriage.”

“Really?” asked Basil skeptically. “A whole year? With your record? And then what, you start cheating again?”

“Ha fucking ha funny. No. We’ll revisit our marriage at that point and maybe open it up or maybe not.”

“And have you told her you want some dick right before you get married?” Basil asked.

Marci turned away. “No.”

“Does she know you even want dick?”

“Bas…” Dorothy said, trying to prevent an argument.

“She knows I’m bi and she’s willing to deal with that.”

“Don’t say anything else, Bas,” Dorothy said, cutting the conversation short. “It’s their marriage and they can run it however they want. The question is, do you want to fuck her.” She paused for a half a second. “Actually, the question should be do I want you to fuck her. I own that cock.”

Basil opened his mouth, but said nothing. “I’ll fuck her, just so she can—”

Dorothy put a finger over his lips. “That’s good enough.” She turned back to Marci. “You know, there’s literally hundreds if not thousands of men out there. You don’t have to use you ex-husband in this little game.”

Marci couldn’t help herself. She knew she was a cheater at heart and if Liz ever found out, it would drive her fucking wild, for better or worse. “I know, but Liz…she’s would get really upset…”

Shaking her head, Dorothy said, “You are playing a dangerous game. A game you shouldn’t be playing.”

“My life, my game.”

“We’ll do it,” Dorothy abruptly decided. “We’ll tell you when we’re ready. And I get to watch you two.”

Basil opened his mouth but said nothing. His key holder had spoken and that was that.

Click here to continue reading Steel Restraint 3 on Smashwords

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a world-famous author of erotica focusing on lactation and male chastity. He knows he’s world famous because he’s sold books in every region Amazon Direct Publishing has. Besides that he has another whole life he’s certainly not going to reveal in the “About the Author” section of a fun little bit of erotic writing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub